

Finally (I don't care about tradition) by orphan_account

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Summary:

anonymous requested: "I don't care about tradition, you try and get me to kiss you under the mistletoe and I will punch you"

Finally (I don't care about tradition)

Author's Note:

my tumblr is [@eleventhemage](#) where I originally posted this [here](#)

"I don't care about tradition, you try and get me to kiss you under the mistletoe and I will punch you"

Lucas raises his hands in defense. "Woah. Don't worry. I'm not interested in kissing you again."

At that, Max seems taken aback and Lucas makes the effort to not grin. It's no easy feat to keep Max Mayfield on her toes.

"What?"

Lucas repeats himself, shoving his hands into his slacks' pocket, "I'm not interested in kissing you again."

Max opens her mouth and says nothing, then just nods. "I think I see Dustin over there." With that, she leaves him and stands by Dustin, who thankfully doesn't have ridiculous hair to this party.

Steve, who was meandering nearby, steps up to him and pulls him off to a corner of the Wheelers' living room. He leans down a little, speaking out of the side of his mouth like this is some covert operation.

"Did it work?"

Lucas fidgets, "I don't know. She seemed surprised when I said it, I guess?"

"That's good, women love surprises."

"Aren't you single?" Mike says, joining them. "How would you know?"

Steve lightly swats the back of his head as Mike snickers. "For *now*,

asswipes. You know, I don't have to give you any of this advice."

"Oh no, whatever would we do?"

"That's it, Wheeler," Steve puts him in a headlock. Mike laughs and squirms. Lucas huffs, they were talking about *him* and *he* still

"Hey," El comes up to Steve, frowning. "Let him go."

Immediately, Steve lets go and Mike stands back with her. "Thanks, El," Mike says and nudges her side. She smiles at them. A sad stab of jealousy pierces him, he wishes he was doing stuff like that with Max.

"Why are you sad?" El asks.

"Just frustrated," Lucas admits.

"Don't worry, this is working." Steve reassures as Mike rolls his eyes.

"What's working?"

The three boys share a look. "Nothing."

El frowns again, "You can tell me. I can keep secrets."

Lucas sighs, "I'm trying to get Max to like me."

"She likes you," El says obviously.

Lucas shakes his head, "No, I mean like how Jonathan and Nancy like each other, or you and Mike."

El repeats herself slower, "She likes you."

"How do you know that?" Mike asks as Lucas freezes at this information.

"She told me," El says, then pauses. "Wait, that was probably a secret, right?"

Mike snickers and hugs El to his side, "Don't worry you'll get the hang of this." El makes a face.

“Wait, guys I have an idea, but I need your help.”

Later, Lucas walks up to Max, the two of them by the Christmas Cookie table. “Good selection this year, last year it was all these really weird ones with nougat-”

Max holds up a hand to interrupt, then looks up to the ceiling. No mistletoe. She lowers her hand, “Continue.”

Lucas laughs, “I told you, Max. I’m not interested in having you kiss me.”

“I know, just making sure,” Max says, and her tan skin seems to blush. It’s been a month since the Snow Ball, but things weren’t weird until a week or so ago. He wonders what changed.

And, even though it’s against his plan, he needs to ask.

“Are we okay?”

Max’s furrows her eyebrows, “What do you mean?”

“I dunno, things just seem... off between us.”

Max sips at her drink, “Is there?”

Lucas, almost frustrated, says, “I’m trying to find out.”

Neither of them said anything. “Can we talk downstairs?”

Max purses her lips together, but nods. In the basement, they’re just a silent, shuffling on their feet.

Then Max speaks up and says, “I wasn’t expecting to like anything here.” Lucas says nothing, just keeps his eyes on her. “I didn’t want to move here. In fact, I was ready to abhor everything until you stalked me-”

Out of respect for his last shreds of dignity, he says, “Hey-” But she keeps talking.

“And you were so weird and sweet and smart,” She starts speaking

quicker now. “And you sucked me into this adventure and I didn’t want any ties to this place, but here you are, and I’m not as mad as I thought I’d be and in fact imevenkindofhappylikeimnotsurewhat-”

“Max, I can’t understand you,” He gently grabs her elbow, and she doesn’t shake him off.

She looks him in the eye. “I didn’t want to have a crush on you. I didn’t want to date you, or anyone. I didn’t want to have friends here. But you make me feel all of that.”

Lucas isn’t sure what his reaction is supposed to be, because this has gone *way* off plan. But he finds himself smiling an idiot. “You have a *crush* on me-?”

Max huffs, “Lucas-”

“I have one on you too,” Lucas says quickly, not wanting to put her off. “If that makes it any better.”

Max exhales slowly, “Actually? It does a little.”

Lucas goes to respond, but then he feels something hit his forehead. They both look up to see a floating piece of mistletoe. In utter sync, they look over to see El, Mike, Dustin, Steve and Will at the top of the stairs.

“Don’t mind us!” Will calls down.

Lucas scowls, but Max ignores them, turning to him. “Didn’t I tell you I’d punch you if you tried something as vapid as this?”

Lucas seethes a little, “Yes.”

“Well... I might have been lying.”

Lucas blinks in surprise. “What-?”

But then she’s kissing him, under the mistletoe.

Finally.